Orangeburg Times.

$2 PER ANNUM, } "ON WE MOVE INDISSOLUBLY FIRM; GOD AND NATURE BID THE SAME." { IN ADVANCE.

Vol. 1 ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1872. No. 24

THE ORANGEBURG TIMES

Is published every

WEDNESDAY,

AT

ORANGEBURG, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA

BY

FRANK P. BEARD.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

$2 a year, in advance—$1 for six months.

JOB PRINTING in its all departments, neatly executed. Give us a call.

POETRY.

Hiram Ulysses.

AIR—DEAR FATHER, COME HOME.

O *Hiram* Ulysses, come back to your dad,
For the clock in the steeple strikes two,
San Domingo's "gone up" and the Deats have gone mad,
And they swear it's all over with you.
Philadelphia Conventions can help you no more;
The Methodist Conference won't pray;
There's the ugliest news from the Ohio shore,
And in short—there's the dickens to pay!
Come home, come home, come home!
Sweet Hiram Ulysses, come home!

Don *Hamilton* Queer Fish is floundering out,
Of the muddy old treaty he made,
While your half-witted Frederick goes prancing about,
In Europe, with fearful parade,
Ben Butler is cocking his eyes on your spoons;
Tom *Murphy* lies out in the cold;
Your bands have stopped playing their custom house tunes,
And I fear me, sweet *Hiram*, you're "sold."

There's a horse in this circus for you and Colfax:
'Tis the horse that you rode in the South.
The monkey stands ready to leap on your back
And there's whiskey to put in your mouth.
So *Hiram*, dear *Hiram*, don't feel very bad,
When you hear that my tidings are true,
You are better at home with cigars and your dad,
For the people are tired of you!

SELECTED STORY.

LOVE'S BETRAYAL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Is that really you, Gerald Sillingsby? Just come in time, old fellow; I'm going down to Riker's Glen, fishing. Jones says there are some magnificent trout hiding away under the roots of those old cedars. Come—it's just one of those sultry, sunless days that we shall be sure of a bite!"

Gerald Sillingsby, a tall, symmetrically made young fellow, with brilliant hazel-brown eyes and clustering dark rings of hair, looked with a sort of patronizing toleration upon young Charley Wayte, as he stood on the piazza steps, rejoicing in a broad brimmed hat and a redundancy of patent fishing-tackle.

"Not to-day, Charley; it's too warm. Is your sister at home?"

"My sister!" Wayte's voice expressed the most unmitigated scorn. What were all the sisters in creation, compared with a day in Riker's Glen and a full basket of gleaming, gold-spotted trout? "Yes—Mabel's in the sitting-room, I believe; and there's a lot of girls with her. Foolish things, all of 'em—can't make either head or tail of their talk. Come, old fellow—you can take your pole along, and I've got tackle for both!"

But Sillingsby still resisted the tempting offer, and Charley Wayte went whittling down the graveled walk, mentally deciding that "Silingsby was getting to be an awful muff about Mabel."

Poor Gerald—he had better have accepted Charley's eager invitation, and busied himself in the dense shadows of the deep ravine called Riker's Glen! For sometimes it is better to be absent than neglected!

Miss Mabel Wayte sat demurely among her young friends, engaged in an elaborate piece of worsted work, and apparently a great deal too busy to notice such a common-place thing as a young man, save by the merest inclination of her head. She had played with the ball of Gerald Sillingsby's heart so long that when it came rolling to her feet, it was the most natural thing in the world to take no notice of it. Was he, then, a fool, to place it so utterly at her capricious mercy? I am not so certain of that. You could no more have helped falling in love with Mabel Wayte than he, had you once been exposed to the wondrous witchery of her melting eyes, the charm of her delicious blushes and lingering, low dropped words. There was something mesmeric about this slender, dark-orbed beauty that made men bow down at her coming like the Eastern worshippers of the sun—a something which women marvelled at, and could not understand. Her hair was black as night, with a purplish shine upon the ripples that were gathered low in her neck; her skin was dark, with a tender peachy-bloom upon either cheek, and lips as a dead-ripe nectarine—and her eyes, half concealed by the natural droop of their heavy, white lids, were full of hidden, glimering light, such as you sometimes see in deep, translucent pools, half overgrown by water-lilies and tangled rushes. Minnie Aubray had at one time horrified her companions by declaring that Mabel Wayte's eyes were like the sleepy orbs of the beautiful, cruel Bengal tiger they had seen in the menagerie once? Mabel had laughed, but she had visibly shuddered too. And perhaps there was some resemblance.

Gerald Silingsby thought those frivolous girls would never go. They stayed to lunch—one of those dainty lunches that Miss Wayte's house-keeper knew so well how to get up—chocolate frothing in its tiny cups, biscuit-sand-wiches, and pound cake, cut in thin, golden slices, with china saucers of cream, heaped high with great, scarlet strawberries, whose fragrance filled the room. Mabel was a little epicure in everything—an artist in the merest details of every-day life. And after lunch Gerald was pressed into the service to read poetry to them, sufficiently capacious to silence them effedtually, until he wished Byron and all the rest at the bottom of the Red Sea, or any other body of water.

But who ever knew the course of true love to run according to rule and plummet?

Finally they scattered away, one by one, and Gerald and Mabel were alone together in the room, where golden bars of sunset-light played fitfully on the matting, and the wet leaves of the ivy without, shook bright showers down at every stir of the wind. For there had been a magnificent thunderstorm, with driving sheets of rain and sudden gusts of wind and fiery arrows cleaving the purple-black heavens, and much pretty terror among the assembled guests —except Mabel. Mabel never was afraid of thunder.

Alone together! The moment had come to which Gerald had feverishly looked forward all day, and now, how unsatisfactory it was. Had ever lover a more capricious, provoking, little mistress than Mabel was? She would not understand. She played with his heart as the beautiful Bengal tiger might have sported with a trembling, wounded gazelle.

"Mabel, you are cruel!" he cried, passionately.

She looked up with the sleepy, glimmering orbs half-closed, an electric flash shooting through the lashes, then her eyes fell to her worsted work again.

"Seven blues, one orange, two scarlets, and a blue," she murmured, thoughtfully, with her head on one side.

"Mabel," ejaculated Silingsby, "I will be answered."

"And then an olive-green," sighed Mabel, softly. "But, after all, Abraham's face is going to look just like all other worsted-work faces. I did think there was some little expression in the last pattern. Gerald, please hand me the scissors."

Poor Gerald ruthlessly withheld them from the little extended hand.

"You shall not talk of worsted work and scissors until you give me some definite answer."

"Then I shall have to bite my threads, and—oh, dear! it is so bad for the teeth."

She made a little grimace, as she snipped off the bit of wool with her tiny pearl-white teeth. Silingsby didn't know whether it would have afforded him the most satisfaction to kiss her or box her ears.

"Mabel."

"Yes, Gerald, (in the meekest of tones.)

"Have you no heart at all?"

"Dear me! What a question to ask! Don't I keep a poodle, and two doves, and a cage full of canaries? and don't I stop to kiss all the babies, and cry over all the tales of misery and distress in the circulating library?"

"Nonsense, Mabel!" His brow was growing darker. Mabel's eyelids drooped lower. Apparently she was deriving intense satisfaction from their colloquy.

—"I have allowed myself to be trifled with long enough, Mabel. One way or the other, I must have my fate decided today."

Mabel yawned. "I wish I could furnish you with a nice old fortune teller, in a red cloak, to decide it for you, Gerald."

"Will you give me my answer, Mabel?"

She straightened up her lithe, willowy figure with a sudden motion.

"Please ring the bell. I forgot to order tea, and papa will be home in ten minutes."

He rose quietly, rang the bell, and bade her good evening. Apparently the slender thread of his patience had given way at last.

"Are you going, Gerald?"

"I am going, Mabel, and I shall not return."

He stood an instant, to give her the opportunity to call him back to her side, if she wished to do so; but she only stuck her worsted needle ruthlessly through the Patriarch Abraham's nose, and folded her work, and so they parted.

And Mabel gathered up her bright-colored work, singing softly to herself, with a curious smile dimpling her mouth.

"I wish I was a man," said Mabel, half aloud. "I know I wouldn't make such a goose of myself for the best woman that ever lived. Not return, indeed. He'll be back again to-morrow morning. Oh, dear! where did that provoking little ball of pink floss roll to? And Abraham's color won't be worth a fig without it!"

Fifteen minutes later, Squire Wayte came in, stamping the wet off his boots, and rubbing his hands together.

"Why, how dark it is! Where are your lights, child? What a thunder-storm we have had. The little bridge at Riker's is washed completely away. The banks have been shelved in, they say."

"The bridge in Riker's Glen?

Mabel dropped the basket of work from her hand. She remembered with a sudden start of unsyllabled fear that Gerald Sillingsby had plunged into the woods, taking the very path that led through the Glen. She knew that it was very dark even in the open landscape—how much more in the tangled shadows of the Glen!

"He will not know that the bridge is gone—he will miss his footing, and be dashed in pieces," was the wild fear that rose up to her brain. "Oh, Gerald, Gerald!—but perhaps it is not too late to save him yet."

And before the astonished Squire could venture a word of question or remonstrance, Mabel had fluttered out into the twilight, and vanished.

Down through the lovely glen-path, heedless of the sharp stones that cut through her dainty kid slippers, reckless of briars that caught at her garments, and showers of moisture that descended from dripping bough and tangled undergrowth Mabel Wayte hurried on, with beating heart and face that was alternately flushed and colorless. If she should be too late!

And then it rose up before her like the blank wastes of a dreary desert—what life would be without the faithful love and worship of Gerald Silingsby?

But Mabel was only a weak girl after all, and her strength began to fail and her limbs to yield beneath her ere she had gone half way. A mad impulse of despair took possession of her heart, but the next instant it was supplanted by a ray of hope.

"Charley! thank Heaven, there is Charley! He will hasten on—he will warn Gerald?"

How thankful she felt in her heart for the piscatory mania which kept her brother so late beside the sunless pools beneath the tangled cedar trees! She would never laugh at Charley again for his devotion to trout fishing, she thought as she hurried on.

"Don't start, Charley, it is only I," she faltered, breathless and agitated, as she laid her trembling hand on his shoulder. "Oh, I am so glad I have found you! Hasten to the Glen bridge—quick! it is washed away, papa says, and—and Gerald has gone home that way, and he will be killed! Oh, Charley! why don't you start?"

With all the strength of her little hands, she endeavored to drag him up from his lazily reclining posture.

"He will be dashed in pieces—he will die, and never know how dearly I love him! I know I have been cruel to him, Charley—you have told me so a score of times—but I love him, and he will be killed! Oh, Charley, Charley, for my sake, hasten to his rescue!"

Her passionate outcry died away into a low hysterical sob; her hands fell powerless by her side; but she resolved, with set teeth, that she would not be a weak fool and faint away as any other woman might have done.

"Mabel!"

Surely that was not Charley's boyish voice—it was a deeper, more tremulous accent! it was not Charley's figure that rose in the dim, purple-shadowed twilight, and folded her weak form in its close, strong embrace.

"Mabel, my treasure! my brave-hearted little white dove! half an hour hence, I did not care whether I lived or died; now my life is precious beyond words to me."

"Gerald!" she faltered, with a sudden backward rush to face, neck, and brow, of the blood which had but now curdled icily around her heart.

"Nay, never struggle to get away, little one," he murmured tenderly, "you have confessed in my own ear that you love me; it is too late now to retract. Come, your hair is wet, your dress is drenched with dew and rain; let me lead you home again."

"And leave a fellow all by himself—much obliged to you!" grumbled a well known voice, as Mr. Charley Wayte came scrambling up the steep bank. "I didn't think you'd serve me such a mean trick, Gerald, as to drop the line, after I'd got it all disentangled so neatly—the best tackle in the county, too! It's all your fault, Mabel—hallo! what are you crying about?"

"Hush, Charley, your sister is nervous—she has had a fright!"

"A fright—what about? Girls are always getting frightened."

And Charley marched homeward in sullen dignity, leaving Mr. Silingsby and Mabel to follow at their leisure.

There was a new and softened light in Mabel's wondrous eyes that night, as she presided at the cosy tea-table. She had betrayed herself, and yet she did not care!

The beautiful Bengal tiger had his master, and Mabel Wayte had found hers!

A CHINEESE CITY.

Canton is the happiest-looking city I have seen in China, and everywhere the people seem ready for fun. Children are born in the boats and live all their lives in the boats, and the mother of them often rows or sculls with a child strapped on her back. Upon some of these children are tied bamboo floats, so that if the darling tumbles overboard it is easily fished up and in. Then there are grand boat restaurants where parties go to feast free from the dead air of the narrow streets, and enjoying the free air of the river. At night the river is gayer than the city; for the gates of the city—gates by the score, within the great wall gates of the city—obstruct all night locomotion while the river is open and free. I loved to revel in a house-boat at night, breathe the good air, hear the squeaking guitar or harp of the Chinaman, see his fire-crackers, peep into his restaurants, hear the babies squall, and the mothers and fathers snore. Canton city is divided by its streets into hundreds of compartments at night, and in or over each compartment is a gate, closed at night. For order and peace every little community within these gates is responsible to the authorities, for there is no local police. The system works well—shuts up shops at dark, sends people to bed early, thus preparing them to rise early; stops all night gadding, all theatre going, all soirees and evening parties, all courting and billing and cooing, brings husbands home early and keeps them from straying at night. There is a river police, which cruises about the river at night, and bangs into you if you do not sail straight. —James Brooks.

COULDN'T SEE IT.—The worthy gentleman who rules the rising generation in boys in a certain town in Tennessee, had occasion recently to correct a little boy named Johnny. Now Johnny had what is called the sulks, because he was whipped, and in order to convince him he was justly punished, his teacher made the following argument:

"Now, Johnny, suppose you were riding a big horse to water, and had a keen switch in your hand, and all at once the horse were to stop and refuse to go farther; what would you do?"

John stifled up his sobs for a moment, and looking up through his tears innocently replied, "I'd cluck to him sir."

"But, Johnny, suppose he wouldn't go for your clucking, what then?"

"I'd get down and lead him, sir."

"And what if he were obstinate, and would not let you lead him?"

"Why, I'd take off his bridle and turn him loose, and walk home sir."

"You may go to your seat, Johnny."

Johnny could not be made to see the necessity for using the switch.

LITTLE THINGS.—Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go stepby step. He who writes books must do it sentence by sentence. He who learns a science must master it fact by fact, and principle after principle. What is the happiness of our life made up of? Little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words, genial smiles, a friendly letter, good wishes, and good deeds. One in a million—once in a lifetime—may do a heroic action; but the little things that make up our life come every day and every hour. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good, then is the whole life beautiful and good, then is the whole life full of beauty and goodness.—[SELECTED.

A DRUNKARD'S TESTIMONY.—"Tell me," said a beneyolent visitor to a poor drunkard, while urging him to abandon the intoxicating cup, "Where was it you took your first step in this intemperate course?"

"At my father's table," replied the unhappy man. "Before I left home I had acquired a love for the drink that has ruined me. The first drop I ever took was handed me by my poor heart-broken mother."

Love is indefatigable; it never wearies. Love is inexhaustible, it blooms and buds again; and the more it is diffused, the more it abounds.

Hope is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed soul company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way—all the miseries of our pilgrimage.

If you fall into misfortune, disengage yourself as well as you can. Creep through the bushes that have the fewest briers.

A lady correspondent says; "The first time I was kissed I felt like—well—like a tub of roses swimming in honey, cologne, nutmegs and cranberries. I felt as if something was running through my nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little cupids in chariots drawn by honeysuckles, and the whole spread with melted rainbows."

The most popular musical composition now sung in New York commences with:

"Father, may I go out to vote?"
"Yes, my boy, and freely;
Put on your old white hat and coat,
And vote for Horace Greeley!"

Dr. Franklin says that "every little fragment of the day should be saved."